

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Lincoln County and the Development of Its Resources.

VOLUME I.

WHITE OAKS, LINCOLN COUNTY, N. M., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

NUMBER 12.

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I have the largest and best stock of ready made boots, shoes and slippers in the city at the lowest prices, also a full line of miners' boots and shoes.

Pyramid City is going to have a \$25,000 hotel.

The New Mexico and Arizona telegraph line has been completed as far as Clifton.

Silver City is to have a new court house, with an appropriation of \$20,000 for that purpose.

Ice formed so thick at Silver City during the late cold snap, that the children went skating on the dam.

"A complication of diseases," is what the papers in some parts of the Territory are pleased to misname the small pox, when a death occurs from its ravages.

According to the Las Vegas *Optic* about all the energetic live men of that town are skipping out and identifying themselves with Kingston and other towns farther south.

Venezuela will celebrate the centenary of Bolivar's birthday on July 24, by the unveiling of a statue of Washington at Caracas, and the opening of a railway between Lagunera, and Caracas.

The editor of the *Black Range* went over to Albuquerque a short time ago and the boys set it up for him a couple of times. He then went home and put it in his paper that the town had a hundred and twenty-five saloons. It was a case of duplex vision.

The big scare about small-pox, felt everywhere in New Mexico the past few weeks, has been gathered to the winds and disappeared with the breeze. Las Vegas has been injured very greatly by a most unearthly howl about small-pox, but the agony is gone and the town is herself once more. *[Optic.]*

The Cincinnati *Commercial and Gazette* have been consolidated and hereafter be issued under the name of the *Commercial-Gazette*, retaining both Halsted and Smith at the head of the editorial department and the principal staff of both papers. Now we shall see the highly sensational performance of the snake and the frog trying to swallow each other.

The Colfax county *Stockman* says, that a thirty-five horse power engine will be used in crushing the cement taken out at that place and that the company begin shipping by the car load the first of January. It is being used quite extensively at Springer in the erection of buildings and is said to be less expensive and better than either adobe or brick for the purpose.

Some of the wickedest towns in the Territory, like Las Vegas, Albuquerque, Santa Fe and the rest, concluded that a revival of religion was an imperative necessity, and not having that knowledge which surpasseth all understanding about the proper thing to be done, sent for the Louis Lord Combination. Straightway the Lord came in the person of the meek and modest Louis attended by all her hand-maidens and a brass band, and the male portion of those wicked places, unlike Capurnium of old, at once embraced, and were gathered under the shadow of the stage wings about the theater, supposing it the thing to do under the circumstances. Now every newspaper man in the bad towns where the troupe has made its advent is lustily singing. "Yes, I'm a lover of the Lor-or-rd."

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TRAMP.

JACK CHAWFORD in San Marcial Times.

What am I doing? Now, what isn't yer biz?
Can't a feller stand here on the corner and think?
Hell! I ain't no slouch, an' as to my phiz, it's a little off-color. What's that? Too much drink?
Wal, I reckon yer right—but, look ye, my friend,
Yer a stranger to me, an' yer one of the few

As would stop for a second. They don't condescend
To grant such as me but a short interview.

Don't talk like that, sir, it ain't just the thing
To speak of one's mother, and she so long dead.

This of n reminds me—this little gold ring. Jest now I was thinkin' it must go for bread.

An' I've worn it so long—Great God, when I think
How it served to remind me, "while tossed on life's tide,"

Of that angel who gave it—why even in drink
She comes to me, speaks to me, prays by my side.

No, no, wait a minute; I can't drink jest yet!
Let's talk of that last ride I took on the freight—

Forget! Man alive, I don't want to forget— But there, never mind, I won't ask you to wait.

For I reckon it ain't interestin' nor new. That are so many tramps, but my own brother Ned—

Why, stranger, that's somethin' the matter with you!
Oh, I thought as it must be a bin somethin' I said.

What started me drinkin'? Wal, that's quite a yarn.
An' besides, I don't want to have you Stagger here—

Howsomever, I reckon you don't care a darn—
But them fancy dressed ladies, jest see how they stare.

What's that you say? O make no gloomy error;
Jest show me a cup of hot coffee and strong—

Great God! man, my heart's fairly jumpin' with terror
For fear you'll back out as we're joggin' along.

Good favor? You bet, it's the way uppest coffee
I've struck in a month. But I can't understand

Why you—oh, all right—so you think that I'm off, eh?
What! me, a tramp, live on the fat of the land?

Ha, ha! Damn your eyes, man, I'd sooner be narrow
In found in the tail-race, all crushed by the wheel.

Than add one more sin to my cap full of sorrow
And so you would tempt a poor devil to steal?

Not a sump—not a bite! Oh, way will temptation
Keep trainin' me up? Git out o' my sight!

Or I swear by my soul there'll be a sen-sation,
And I will get grub in the cooler to-night!

What's that? You know me of old? You're another!
An' damn you, if I wasn't weaker'n water

I'd—What!—Git out!—You!—You Ned!—my brother!
I reckon I'm crazy, and that's what's the matter!

Corral me if I didn't think you were dead, boy—
Why, damn yer young hide, Ned! but what hev ye bin?

I thought you were plumb with an ounce of cold lead, boy;
You must have slipped out 'fore the redskins got in.

What's that? In the "Happy-Go-Lucky" you strack it?
The mischief ye did! Well, somehow I knew.

The last time I helped ye to pull up that bucket.
That war dancs right thar for your brother and you!

When a 'oman finds out dat her bes' frien' ain't got a good character she tosses her head an' says dat she neber did like her, no how, but when a man larns dat his bes' frien' has been sent tar de penitentiary he says, "Poo' feller, I always did like him." Dat is de difference 'twixt de frien'ship ob mam an' a woman.

THE FATE OF "TENNESSEE"

The Sequel to "Tennessee's Partner."

Let's whoop in the Denver Inter-Ocean.
Bret Harte, a charming writer of Western romance, has given to the literary world the exploits, trials and fearful end of "Tennessee's Partner." Bret's story dealt particularly of the "Partner," but mine shall be of "Tennessee" himself, and may be taken as a sequel to the original story.

That "Tennessee" was a real character, and that Bret's sketch was taken from life, there can be no doubt. Those familiar with the Sierra romance will remember that after the "Partner" was hanged in the mining camp for a mis-demeanor of too serious a nature to be overlooked by the horny-handed seekers after the glittering gold of the placers, "Tennessee" administered "the last sad rites" by cutting down the limpid remains of his quondam "Partner." Stored away in a primitive sort of a "go-cart" the body was carried over the hills and carefully buried under the mounting limbs of a pine tree, there to rest ever in peace.

From that eventful day Tennessee was a changed man. The mountain air lost its buoyancy, the sunshine its warmth, the running brook its sweet music; the song of nature no longer brought solace to poor Tennessee's heart, and, laboring under a feeling of unrest, he decided to depart quietly from the mining camp up in the grand old Sierras and seek greener fields and new scenes.

The life of the prospector is made up of anticipations—dreams of better countries, richer fields and the grand "rich strike" that is to come by and bye. Stories of a new district over in the Columbia river country had reached Tennessee's ears, and to that fabled land he concluded to go.

The work of packing up the traps of the cabin, preparatory to the journey, was accomplished on the evening following the execution of the unfortunate "Partner," and at daybreak Tennessee's faithful burro was brought up to the cabin door, laden with all the worldly effects of the migrating miner.

The trip to Washington Territory was completed after many weeks of constant traveling. For the trail led over precipitous mountains and through deep cañons. At last Tennessee arrived at his destination and immediately staked out his claim and went to work with new zeal.

A year rolled around and found Tennessee still in the Columbia country and but little richer in pocket than when he had come. The washings did not prove as rich as they had been reported, and the miners were leaving for other camps. Tennessee concluded to go also, having Utah in his mind as the Mecca of his fortunes.

The old burro had died shortly after arriving on the Columbia. A new one was purchased with a handful of gold dust, and in course of time Tennessee had reached the shelter of the Utah mountains in Utah.

About this time the land was filled with rumors of the marvelous richness of the Black Hills, in Wyoming and Dakota. Thither our hero went after a brief stay in the Utah range. Deadwood, then in its early infancy, attracted Tennessee, and having tired of the mining bumble he decided to launch into a new line of business, and accordingly started a restaurant.

Years were passed in Deadwood with varying success, and when times became dull, Tennessee took to the trail again and headed for Leadville, Colorado, whither the restless Western spirit was turning. Once there, Tennessee's money, earned in the restaurant business, soon departed, and a cold, winter drove him down into New Mexico.

Las Vegas was then the booming town, and as every other building along its streets was a saloon, Tennessee caught the infection and was soon embarked in that business. His place was the resort of miners and mountaineers, and for a time the goddess Fortune smiled upon him and he prospered. A fire swept out the street, and Tennessee

found himself once more upon the charities of the world.

His occupation had been against him, and finding nothing better for employment, Tennessee bought a Winchester rifle and announced his intention of becoming a hunter. There was plenty of wild game in the mountains, and the city that had grown up at old Las Vegas made a market for all the spoils of the chase that one man at least could bring in.

Tennessee made his headquarters at Glorieta Summit and seemed perfectly contented in his wild following. Every day he would shoulder his trusty gun and go out on the head waters of the Rio Pecos, and upon his return in the evening a saddle of venison, a bunch of wild turkeys, or possibly the quarters of a bear would accompany him.

But one day dire disaster came, and Tennessee met his fate. While out in the Spanish Range he came upon a cinnamon bear in a gulch. Anticipating easy prey, Tennessee took an aim at brain and fired. The animal rolled down from the eminence upon which it was standing and feigned death, lying upon the ground as if dead.

Foolishly placing his rifle against a boulder the daring hunter approached the bear to examine it. When he was within an arm's length of the prostrate beast, it suddenly reared up in front of Tennessee, caught him around the waist and bore him to the ground.

A desperate struggle—a fight against great odds to Tennessee—and the hunter saw that he was losing ground. His sheath knife had fallen from his hands, and with several painful wounds that he realized were fatal, Tennessee sank down exhausted and hopeless.

The bear appeared satisfied with the result of the encounter and trotted off up the gulch. Poor Tennessee recovered strength enough to drag himself to a ranchero's claim, and was there placed in a vehicle and hurried to Glorieta Summit. Willing hands helped the wounded man into his cabin and a telegraphic message was sent to a Las Vegas surgeon, requesting him to hurry to the spot.

Before the surgeon could arrive Tennessee was dead. His mind became unconscious, and in a delirium of pain he passed away—the victim of his ill-timed judgment.

The next day the telegraph operator at the signal station on the Summit, a wood-chopper or two, and a Mexican herder comprised the funeral cortege that laid away the mortal remains of Tennessee. The grave is located on a sunny hill side, and strange as the coincidence may seem, the mound is under a pine tree, the same as in the case of "Tennessee's Partner." A plain board marks the spot and a simple inscription reads:

"TENNESSEE"
C. B. HIGHENOTHAM,
Killed by a Bear,
—NOVEMBER 15, 1882—
A BRAVE MAN
AGED 70
HIS REST!
The Big Derrick.

The Washington monument is 340 feet high, having been increased ninety feet during the past year. If marble can be obtained from this time out with the same rapidity that it was delivered this season, the walls and roof of the shaft can be completed possibly by July 2, 1884, and certainly by the close of the working season of 1884. Since the completion of the foundation in 1880 the total load added to the then existing structure has been 22,355 tons, and the settlement of the shaft due to this load has been on an average about 144 inches for the structure. The total pressure now borne by the bed or the foundation is 74,871 tons, or about ninety-two hundredths of the total of pressure to be finally placed upon it. The balance of the appropriation available is \$1,431,417.37. The balance will supply the cut. The marble to course 370 and granite 390. An estimate of \$250,000 is submitted which will complete the shaft pyramid, as also the interior staircase and elevator.

The Czar Gets Crowned.

From Park's Sun.

The Czar of Russia is sharper than a serpent's toe-nail. He went down to Moscow the other day, taking Mrs. Czar with him just to do a little shopping you know, and while he was tramping around at the different stores at Moscow looking at the flannels and pricing the bed-ticking and bleached cotton, it suddenly occurred to the sly old scamp to have a little private crown fixed up at the blacksmith shop, and invited a few friends to call up at his country cousin's house and have a private crowning bee on the sly. The Czar had so trouble getting himself crowned, that he was almost discouraged and sometimes he thought he would be obliged to worry through his reign without a crown, and it worried him real bad, as he had a real nice crown and wanted to wear it. A Czar's hankering to wear a crown is just like a little boy who knows his mother has locked his new hat in the drawer and the boy wants to get it out and try it on so bad it almost makes him sick. It was that way with the Czar. Every time he would get ready for a grand crowning bee, and his friends would come in and everything would be going off smoothly, someone would come in with the announcement that the back yard was full of Nihilists, and that they had scared the kitchen girl out of her wits. And just as the Czar would get his new crown out and get in front of the glass to put it on and turn around to ask the guests if he did not look just too cute, someone would throw a bomb in amongst his legs and it would break him all up. The Czar had almost given up, and would sit down and cry as he thought of his nice crown that he could not wear out to church and paralyze folks when he went in about half an hour late. But he put up a job on the Nihilists and got a new crown made down in Moscow and now he is strutting around as tickled as a boy with a new hat. The Czar is no slouch, now, you bet.

A Miner With a Big Heart.

"After all, these Virginia City miners have big, generous hearts. The other evening one of them who was finishing up a week's spree in 'Frisco, stepped out of the Palace hotel after dinner and ran against a haggard looking, shabby genteel woman, who was weeping on a corner. 'What is the matter, marm?' said the miner. She told him a sad story—poverty, sickness, and a large family of children, nothing to do, nothing to wear. 'Is this the best frock you've got?' said the rough fellow, gently. She said it was. He felt in his pocket. It contained just one \$20 piece, which he had intended to devote to wine and wickedness that evening. 'Stop here a moment, marm,' and he dodged around the corner and into a dry goods store. In a few minutes he returned, and, pressing a small bundle into the poor woman's hand, disappeared with the air of a man who had done a kind action gracefully. The starving female undid the package. It contained a pair of embroidered silk stockings!"—*[Prescott Miner.]*

Taking on More Head.

The national committee of the Greenback party is seriously contemplating a change of name. It proposes to call the party 'The National Anti-Monopoly, Independent and Whig party.' This name would appear at first sight to embrace nearly everything, but upon closer examination it will be seen that there is no reference to the Mormon question. The tariff should not be slighted, and there are other political issues like civil service reform which are of vital importance. We do not desire to thrust our opinions upon any one, but if we might be allowed to make a suggestion to the committee, how would this name go: The Anti-Monopoly—Anti—Polygamy—Civil-Service-Free-Trade—Anything-to-Get-There party? This name would just about cover the situation and an election ticket.—*[Kansas City Journal.]*